The COMMONWEAL

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The Japanese Atrocities Release

THE American people have not yet recovered from the horror of learning what cruelties the Japanese soldiery had inflicted upon the brave defenders of Bataan. The barbarities previously inflicted upon the Chinese, the Czechs, the Poles, the Russians, the Jews of Europe, the Greeks and the Norwegians were sickening enough, but it was too easy for us to forget them, to turn the other way. Now we learn, and in a manner that is all too authentic, that these indignities have been heaped upon our own.

Too long have we taken for granted the traditions of chivalry which have been painstakingly built up for centuries under direct Christian influence. Sometimes they have existed in non-Christian peoples. Even in the war with the Turk western defenders of the European continent and crusaders could count on respect for courage and a fight maintained as long as possible against insuperable odds. On the contrary the valor of the American and Filipino defenders of Bataan apparently goaded the Japanese soldiery to extremes of inhumanity toward a vanquished foe. Their minds do not work the way our minds work. The American State Department has made to Tokio some ninety representations on the treatment of prisoners, but little can be achieved when two governments are so lacking in common ground for agreement.

In their true context these atrocities must be viewed as the product of a distinctly alien mind. The same cannot be said for the nazi crimes in Europe. For in this latter instance we have the case of a people which has been Christian in some degree reverting to the most primitive barbarism. Once supposed Christians had been seduced into accepting the belief that there were "inferior" peoples and "inferior" races which could be deprived of basic human rights, pogroms and other massacres became inevitable. The colonial empires of the various Powers have much to answer for in this matter, but it was the nazis who erected this inhuman principle into a system and proceeded to act upon it without restraint. In that sense the German atrocities are far worse than the cruelties suffered at the hands of the more primitive Japanese by our own flesh and blood.

The corruption of a Christian people is always the deepest of tragedies. And so in this hour of darkness, while the shadow of the torture of our brave fighting men still hangs over us, we must resolve not to give way to pitting treachery against treachery, savagery against savagery, cruelty against cruelty. For the methods of our Japanese adversary do not release us from our own moral code. Nor is this a time simply for bemoaning our failure to protest effectively the injustices heaped upon the Chinese, the Ethiopians, the liquidation of Ukrainian peasants by the Soviets, the starvation of blockaded European children, the bloody oppression of the Czechs, the Poles, the Jews and many others. What we must learn from this tragic experience is that never again in this world can we ignore with impunity the persecution of any nation or people. From now on the integrity of each community of human beings must be the concern of all. And the post-war world must be organized to afford this minimum of protection.

Obvious Remarks About Anti-Semitism

IT IS impossible to wipe out prejudice, humanly speaking, and all the committees, mass meetings, statements, pledges and editorials in the world are not going to persuade you or them or us to love our neighbor as ourselves. He that is without prejudice among us, let him write the first editorial. But it is one thing to rear up in self-righteous indignation and say, "You are an anti-Semite and I am a good Christian—or a good American—anyway, good." It is another thing to say, "In my opinion all this talk about anti-Semitism is so much nonsense, and, by the way, have you heard the joke about the Jew who—"

We don't want to say that, or tell that joke. But neither do we want to say that the newspaper

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PM has done more good than harm with its sensational hammering and howling. In fact, we understand that various prominent Jews protested so loudly that the paper's editors decided to put on the damper. Just as well. We do want to say that we still believe that any American—and particularly any Christian—is out of his mind if he thinks he can reconcile Americanism or Christianity with the business of defaming a whole race for the sins of the few, or even of the many. After all, who would be safe? And why is it necessary to remind allegedly rational adults that, though our sins may be numberless as the sands of the sea, and considerably less clean, there is one job that nobody can pin on any of us, and that is the choice of our parents.

We shall also say this: we admit the charge, no matter how unpleasantly made, that there are a number of Catholics who choose to be neither ashamed nor uneasy about their prejudice, but rather wear it proudly as a crusade justifying the dirtiest conceivable lies and the meanest possible acts of violence. We agree that it is a serious thing. In short, no matter how concerned we are for prudence and a certain minimum humility in these matters, we are in favor of the committees and we are in favor of Catholics joining them (but no CP fronts) and most of all we are in favor of Catholics going further and telling their parishioners and their students and their political club members and their readers and their children and their friends that no Christian and no American can honestly be an anti-Semite. There are so many people they, and we, could tell. It is actually disturbing to think about it.

Argentine Break with the Axis

IN A WEEK when power politics is so prominent in the news Argentina has an important place. Apparently the immediate spur to the formal break with the Axis made by the Ramirez dictatorship was the threat of general publication of the memorandum sent by our State Department to eighteen Latin American governments comprising evidence that the Bolivian coup d'état was engineered by the Argentine colonels' régime. Knowledge of our impending démarche may have been back of the predictions of this Axis break current with insiders during the past few weeks.

Undoubtedly this move of the Ramirez government made the colonels more popular with the vast majority of the Argentine people. It was also good for South American morale. Unfortunately it need not at all mean the cessation of Axis activities in Argentina. Really to force effective restriction of enemy activities in this country now, there would have to be wholehearted Anglo-American pressure. Meat from the United States would have to replace meat from the Argentine in the British Isles; or at least we should agree, if it became necessary, to undergo the further rationing to make this possible. And neither we nor the British appear willing to jeopardize our postwar business opportunities down there. Only in a limited sense can Argentina's break be welcomed as a step toward victory.

Capitalizing on Disillusionment

IZVESTIA, official organ of the Soviet Government, has published an article by Dmitri Petrov violently attacking the Vatican. Its entire emphasis is to assert that the Vatican has not only condoned fascism but has actively worked to extend its sway. This, of course, is false. But the importance of *Izvestia's* article does not lie in its truth or falsity, but in its political effect. Clearly what Moscow is trying to do is to reinforce European suspicion of the Vatican's political tendency and encourage what it describes as "disillusionment" of citizens of Catholic countries. "No wonder hate of Hitler and Mussolini now also includes the Vatican. Catholics who live in England, America, Spain, Poland and other countries, as well as the Italians, are becoming convinced of the pro-fascist character of the Vatican's policy." Once again we find the old technique: drive a wedge between Catholics and their spiritual leadership.

It is undoubtedly true that in the "Catholic countries" of Europe many people are not in sympathy with the Vatican's politics. But what is truly ironical is that throughout both Europe and America, and especially in radical circles, there is a far greater suspicion, coupled with bitter hatred, of Moscow itself. The ruthless and unscrupulous machiavellianism of the communists, their attempts to dominate wherever they are active, their deliberate sabotage when they cannot dominate have earned them the undying opposition of almost all other leftists. At the moment in France, communist activity in the underground has gained considerable non-communist sympathy, but how superficial this is became evident in Algiers, where, as soon as German hegemony disappeared, the old suspicions at once revived.

Moscow's latest blast at the Vatican seems intended to neutralize the Holy See as an influence in the molding of postwar Europe. By skilfully exaggerating the Vatican's policy of reaching a *modus vivendi* with whatever group is in power in a given country, the Soviets would like to solidify feeling against the Papacy and gloss over its own fundamental objection to any church not subservient to the State. It doubtless also would like to spike any American or British attempt to work with the Vatican in reinforcing European moderates. It is a most unfortunate action, calculated to exacerbate feelings, and certainly not boding well for the postwar world—which, surely, will not find solid foundations in brittle polemics.

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State Dept.--Again

THERE is a headline in the New York *Times* the day this page is being written which says: "U.S. Bars Dealings with Vichy Régime." The dispatch is from Harold Callender in Algiers and it amplifies the headline thus: we will not "again deal with the Vichy Government or with any Frenchmen who have collaborated with Vichy." Mr. Callender adds sardonically that this assurance has long been awaited by the French Committe of National Liberation.

Reading this headline, there will be people who will say that the American Government is reversing its policy, that events have forced it to reverse its policy, that we kept saying no and that now we will start saying yes. They will say that we tried to keep de Gaulle out and that now we are forced to let him in—because of the fact that there is no one else representing, or even claiming to represent the French people, the French Empire, the French Army. It will be said that if now we are forced to deal with de Gaulle it would have been wiser to have dealt with him before we were compellled to do so. It would have been wiser not to have opposed him all along the line. It will be said that had we seen the light sooner we would have avoided the ill-feeling which now stands between us and the Gaullists, even between us and many Frenchmen in France.

When, in Spain, you go to a pelota game you do not have to place your bets before the game starts, you can keep on betting right through the game; if your side does not look so good as the game progresses you can cover with a bet on the opponents; you can keep on hedging, going a little this way and that way, all through the game. It is not like a horse race where you pick a horse for better or worse before the start, not like roulette where you pick a number before the croupier calls "les jeux sont faits." People will say that the President and the State Department have been betting the way they do in Spain; they will say that a great nation has been forced to hedge a poor bet.

On the other hand there are the people who supported our "Vichy" policy of presence in France from the period of France's collapse until the African invasion, and who then supported our policy of refusing to recognize any French Government until the French people could freely elect a government, and who thought that it would be insulting France to bring along with us, when we enter France, a ready-made government, a ready-made liberty for the French to take—and not leave. These people have thought always that the danger in Gaullism consisted in creating a type of First Class French patriot, and that if the Gaullists entered France as a government, those French citizens who had merely starved in France, going about their business and trying not to despair, might be treated as Second Class citizens subject to government by an élite. There is some danger that these people who trusted in the principles which have determined American policy toward France, may now feel somewhat disturbed at the sight of de Gaulle's growing influence and of our increasing recognition of that influence. They may think that here again is "expediency"—this time in reverse. The emotions are engaged both among those who opposed and those who supported American policy. There has gradually grown up a partisan feeling round the de Gaulle question, the French question.

Too much emotion and too little analysis. The dialectics of the situation have not been seen, we have not seen what has taken place. We should not be talking now of a reversal of our French policy; we must see that our policy is beginning to produce the results at which it aimed.

It is the pressure of our non-recognition of de Gaulle which has forced de Gaulle to seek broader bases on which to found his claim that he represents the will of the French people. We laid the burden of proof on de Gaulle and we said that no proof could ever be final until the French people, the prisoners returned from Germany, the Frenchmen demobilized from service either with de Gaulle, or in the metropolitan and African armies, could furnish final proof in free elections. Our recognition could never be complete until France was free to produce a recognizable government. Meanwhile we desired the union of all Frenchmen outside France in order that they might share with us the task of liberating France. The French National Committee in Algiers represents the present state of this union. And because we refused to name de Gaulle as a sort of regent he has turned for power in the only direction from which power could come legitimately to him—to the Assembly in Algiers. At first the members of this Assembly were hand-picked as carefully as were the members of the group which surrounded de Gaulle in London. It cannot, materially, represent the people of France. Yet, little by little it has come to represent more of the people of France. It tends to assume power and in doing so it tends also to increase the authority Gaullism draws from it.

Guallism faced two possible choices. It could choose to enter France with an élite prepared to govern France; it could choose, with greater humility and greater certainty of lasting fame, to insist always that Gaullists were only Frenchmen serving their country and leaving all decisions to the people of their country. They may always have wanted to choose this second path; the signs are growing that they are following it. A constant American policy has helped to make certain that they would tread it. C. G. PAULDING.

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American Radio

A discussion round proposed legislation

Norman Thomas

ASK THE average American if he would like substantially to change the American radio system and he would probably answer, no, why should he? He might more or less humorously suggest minor changes in the length of commercial advertisements and the saccharine tones of the announcers or in the distribution of certain features throughout the week. But Mr., or more especially, Mrs. American is pretty well satisfied with things as they are, from Bobe Hope to soap opera, from the Quizz Kids to the Philharmonic. The four great networks and the independent stations between them cover a wide range of subjects with solicitude for almost every taste.

They are in a magnificent position to woo public favor and this they do not neglect to do. They prove their fairness by carefully giving time to potential critics, preachers, politicians, labor leaders, and even to an occasional radical. (Most of these prominent citizens, by the way, bask in the illusion that anywhere from thousands to millions of their fellow citizens will listen to them if only they can get any spot at all on the radio, no matter at what sort of listening time, or with how brief an announcement. Advertisers are more sophisticated.) Meanwhile the general listener, who being human is a bit of a gambler at heart, is enticed by a system under which, with a little luck, he may get anything from the Encyclopædia Britannica to a diamond ring.

Against this happy state of affairs, in a world of so many obvious ills, who would protest? Well, this writer, for one, for reasons which he will set forth. The criticisms which follow are not based on any desire, at least as a first choice, to imitate the system of any other country. Few things would be worse than to turn the radio entirely over to the political state. Hitler and Stalin have made it a more potent force in controlling the mind of the people than any secret police. Long before the Second World War a German refugee in this country told me with bitter humor that he hated to listen to the radio because its invention had made it possible for Hitler to win and maintain his power. The British system is much better than the continental. The B.B.C. is, in effect, a public corporation, not a bureau of the government, and has been kept free from partisan domination. In Britain one is spared the anguish of hearing baldness and battles discussed on the same emotional level or music spoiled by propaganda. On the other hand, the American system offers a greater variety in programs and there is reason to fear that if we were to copy the B.B.C. we should make things worse rather than better.

There is an argument in favor of a municipal station like New York's, or possibly even for a federal system as one among many competitors. But "Father" LaGuardia's monopoly of his own rather entertaining brand of exhortation to his children over the city radio is anything but a model of proper management of a political discussion. Considerations like these have led me repeatedly to state that in a well run society the enterprises that most certainly should not be socialized are the radio and the press. And so I should advocate imitating the British system only as the last resort. A last resort, however, to which we may yet be driven unless certain tendencies in our American system can be sharply checked.

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The chief indictment of the present American system is its steadily increasing commercialization. Radio is operated for profit with a capital P. No radio station could exist except by virtue of possession of one of a limited number of air channels granted it by the government as a trustee of society. Every radio company owes to society directly a specific debt far greater than that owed by an agency which uses the printing press—an instrumentality open to all as the air channels cannot be. Yet broadcasters preen themselves immoderately on their "educational" services generously rendered to the public. Actually they give us as a favor far less than they owe us as a right. In so far as our education is the work of news commentators on the networks it is subject to a special criticism to which I shall later turn.

But first let us look at the way radio is financed. By advertising of course. But that doesn't tell the story. More than one economist and social philosopher has questioned the social value of the American advertising system of which radio is so important a part even in the times that we call normal. Those questions are sharply intensified under war conditions. Under the law as interpreted by the Treasury Department practically everything which calls itself advertising counts as

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an expense and is therefore deductible on the tax returns of the advertisers. The individual, partnership or corporation advertises with a subsidy of at least 80 percent from the Treasury Department, that is from the American public.

The advertiser thus generously subsidized out of taxes and the sale of bonds then piously advises us to buy more bonds to shorten the war. Meanwhile he reduces the money at our disposal to buy bonds by the unnecessary and costly advertising for which we pay. Radio is a particular sinner because it has accepted if not exaggerated the Hollywood scale of prices—all of which the public pays—for its stars. He is indeed a third rate comedian or crooner of the news who does not get several times the salary of a General or a Cabinet Minister, or even of some corporation presidents, for his efforts to inform, arouse, entertain or soothe us. Radio advertising even more than printed advertising goes in for extra inducements to lucky persons like cash prizes for nothing in particular, diamond rings and encyclopedias. For all this golden stream to radio companies, performers, and lucky guessers we pay at least four fifths and then blame John L. Lewis for the high cost of living!

Mr. Morris Ernst, in a memorandum prepared for the Senate Committee which is considering new legislation concerning the Radio Industry, cited figures to show that in 1942 the earnings of the network companies on property devoted by them to broadcasting, allowing for depreciation but not for federal taxes, amounted to 161.8 percent. He also estimated that forty companies furnished 75 percent of the gross income of the major networks by advertising, and quoted evidence that only around three hundred corporations were potential network advertisers, so high are the rates.

And what do they advertise? In many if not most cases products so limited in volume that they need no advertising—or else "good will." It appears that we could not win the war except for such and such a corporation, or maintain the national morale without so and so's chewing gum, cosmetics or cigarettes. Some of the advertising is straight propaganda for "free enterprise" for which we subsidize the great advertiser—who has pretty nearly crushed "free enterprise" in his own field—to the tune of 80 percent. I am not arguing against all advertising. I am suggesting that a ceiling be put on deductible advertising and also on the rate of radio profit.

So great is the increasing flood of advertising which, partly due to restrictions on news print, is enriching radio companies, big and little, that they are eliminating non-commercial features from the good listening time which advertisers want. The big networks have found sponsors for orchestra and opera and now are seeking to compel the forums to find them or take very undesirable time or get off the air altogether. Soon you may hear a discussion of the control of prices by courtesy of the University of Chicago Round Table and the Consolidated Meat Packers, or of the blessings of life insurance by courtesy of the Town Meeting of the Air and the Mammoth Life Insurance Company. The dangers of this commercialization of the discussion of controversial issues are obvious. Subtly if not crassly it will affect the programs and to an even larger extent undermine the confidence of the listening public.

The principal national forums or discussion groups on the air almost united in a protest against this trend which was to be presented to the broadcasting companies and, if it should prove necessary, to the government authorities and to the public. The University of Chicago, however, after long delay decided that it wanted to make the protest in so mild a form—because of its mingled hopes and fears and its confidence in its own impeccable reputation—that united action had to be abandoned. One of the forums is already off the air as a "live" network performance but has fortunately found it possible to persuade a large number of independent stations to put on its discussions regularly by transcriptions. The right sort of public opinion may yet save the forum idea on broadcasting stations.

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It is inevitable, under a system of competing companies wholly dependent on advertising, that programs should be shaped consciously and unconsciously, first, to winning the maximum number of listeners for every conceivable period; and second, to appeasing or propagandizing the class prejudices of the advertisers. (Program directors also keep a weather eye on the President, Congress and the FCC but so far government is secondary.) On the whole it speaks well for the radio companies and the American public that intellectual and esthetic standards are as high as they are. Far less frequently than in the old days do program directors warn me before speaking to remember that their listeners are morons. An intelligent listener in areas where he has some range of choice can usually make himself a fairly satisfactory program most days of the week. But our system could greatly be improved if each station were required by public opinion and by law to maintain better balance than is now the rule. Here I refer especially to the selection and interpretation of the news.

Hitler was quite right in his belief that the spoken word was far more effective than the written word for propagandizing the masses. It is a serious matter that the four great radio networks, by their choice of the news they broadcast, and of commentators to interpret it, can so largely

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shape the thinking and acting of the whole nation. It is a more serious matter because their choices are made always with an eye on the actual or potential advertiser. Under the circumstances it is fortunate that we have not fared worse, but the situation is far less good than many of us assume. On a great many stations labor unions and consumers' cooperatives cannot buy time at all, or can buy it under restrictions which do not affect a big corporation. The code of the National Association of Broadcasters pledges its members not to sell time for the discussion of controversial issues but to give time for their fair presentation. Both provisions are observed in a highly Pickwickian sense. Time for the discussion of public issues is usually given rather capriciously and at undesirable spots on the programs when it is given at all. Some stations and networks are much better than others. Some stations add to the difficulty by an irritating and usually silly censorship of their own, the net effect of which is to intimidate many occasional speakers into undesirable caution. (If radio managers bombard the Editors by statements that this isn't so, I stand ready to cite chapter and verse out of my own experience and that of my friends.)

The really serious matter is the choice of the news and here I suppose that the news collecting services are certainly at least as responsible as the radio managers. It is fair to say that the real or alleged derelictions of John L. Lewis and their effects upon war prices and war morale are mentioned a hundred times over the air to one mention of the conviction of the Anaconda Copper Company for the systematic selling of defective cable for war use. As for the interpretation of the news, it is a safe bet that every American family with a radio and a taste for anything but jazz, gets its slant on the news from one of ten to a dozen commentators, all of them highly paid by commercial sponsors. Long ago the Code was completely ignored in the case of these commentators. Necessarily so, since they can no more comment without discussing controversial issues than mother's darling daughter could swim without going near the water. There is no parallel in the press to this dependence of a commentator upon the favor of one sponsor who will support him in the state to which he has become accustomed.

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What can be done? Obviously Government censorship is not the answer. The answer lies along two lines: First, the radio system must be kept competitive. We can admit no monopoly of it. Perhaps the Radio Commission was well advised in refusing to issue a blanket rule that no radio license would be granted to a newspaper proprietor. But certainly the most elaborate care should be taken in every town to see to it that licenses are not issued so that the same man or corporation will control both the press and the radio. This, however, will not go to the heart of our problem, because the great danger lies less in the personality of the individual owner than the pressure of advertising interests. Hence the vital importance of our second remedy.

Every recipient of a license to operate a radio station must be required by law as the price of the license to do two things: (1) To give at least a specified number of hours every week, *in the desirable listening time*—and what that is is revealed by advertising rates—to educational programs without a commercial sponsor, the especial purpose of which shall be the discussion of controversial public issues from more than one point of view. (2) To maintain a balanced program. It should be made the duty of the license granting authority, in issuing or in renewing licenses, to consider the balance of programs, sponsored and non-sponsored, and the licensee's compliance with the provision for public discussion on free time, with the same care that the FCC now examines the financial and technical competence of a licensee or applicant for license.

It is alleged that these provision would open the radio stations to an impossible pressure for time from all sorts of groups and sects. It is also alleged that the right of a government commission to consider balance in programs is equivalent to censorship. Neither charge will be true if the situation is properly handled. We are concerned not with asserting a possible right for every crank to be heard, but of the right of the American public to listen to a balanced discussion of issues. To provide that balance is in no way beyond the wit of man. The objections to day by day censorship by a government agency by no means apply to the competence of a government agency fairly to examine the yearly record of a company in conformity to this principle of balance. Once the principle is stated in law the public itself will help to monitor the stations.

I am inclined to think that the provision of the Code which now nominally forbids the selling of time to discuss controversial issues should be restated so as to apply not to news commentators but to the debate of acute industrial and political issues—except in campaign time. Otherwise the group or the man with the longest purse is likely to win. Newscasting should be inclusive and objective. News interpreters, sponsored or unsponsored, should of course deal frankly with controversial issues, but they should conform to "standards of accuracy, good taste and judgment."

Labor has a legitimate case against its treatment by many radio companies, but the companies in turn have a right to ask of labor more cooperation in the development of programs and news interpreters. Any group is badly mistaken if it

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thinks that merely to put one of its leaders on the air for an occasional speech has much significance.

Obviously an article of this length has to hit the high spots; it cannot adequately cover so great a field. My hope is that I may stimulate interest and discussion. The American radio system is better than that in most other countries. It is by no means as good as it could be and should be at a time when it plays so vital a rôle in informing our democracy and in guiding our decisions. Discussion is particularly important now when Congress is considering new legislation in an atmosphere of indifference except as the networks present their effective propaganda.

Last of the Intellectuals

The world before the war, the world which failed to save itself . . .

Roger Caillois

WE WERE a certain number of intellectuals, separately at work here and there; we were awkward, we lacked energy and perseverance, but we were sensitive to the secret eddies, the currents of the universe; we were not anesthetized, not at all; nor in any dream of contentment; we were extremely intelligent, and always on the watch, and not at all excited, or frenzied; and we were lost among our contemporaries who were blinded by anger and obsession, revenge and fear, when they were not lulled into that unconsciousness which precedes a gentle death. We were the last intellectuals of a world—our world—that had treated intellectuals too tenderly; we foresaw that this world was about to disappear without, however, any awareness of the fact that we were not destined to survive it, but instead—once it arose from its ruins—to be, precisely, men who would be miserable, derided and forgotten. We dreamed of leading a young enthusiasm out of an old stage setting. We sought to provide that enthusiasm with an aim which would satisfy our most exacting desires, which would spring from our lucidity, from the icy fervor of our so cerebral natures. We wished to harness that enthusiasm to some enterprise that would not consist in restoring the crumbling monuments of an ancient architecture and, even less, be only a dazzling mask for a nude, self-glorifying strength, a strength content with burning brightly for a moment before it crashed and was buried beneath magnificent and proud ruins.

We never discovered the fine adventure which might have merited the total gift of our energies, the purpose which might have drawn forth from the depths of sleep and indifference a new, hard faith, like the prow of an immortal ship parting the waters. We were too delicate, too expert, too exacting, too incapable of being satisfied with any enterprise not fully matching our dream. And then there was this too: we came too late, too few, with hearts too weak. Our will to act—it was not trained yet, or sure—could not have sustained our effort, still tenuous and immaterial, standing as we did on deep and moving sand which absorbed all we attempted, engulfed our efforts, leaving no trace of them anywhere because it offered no resistance.

We will have been orators, nothing more. We were fond of talking of battle and of triple bronze, but Cassandra's violet robe would have clad us better than the sun-bright armor which—confident in our strength and full of swagger—we kept encouraging ourselves to adjust to our sunken chests. We never belonged to the dawn. Fearing the cold, uncertain in flight, we were quick to take refuge in holes, in the crannies of walls—we lay in wait for only the smaller prey. We were the sinister and prudent bat of twilight, the bird of experience and wisdom, which comes forth only after the sounds of day are quieted and which fears even the darkness its coming announces. We were birds of the halflight before the dark. That is the name we are forced to give ourselves.

We proclaimed and flaunted our taste for violence and for the night, we who were enamored of equivocal situations and who would perhaps have despaired had we seen our desires fulfilled. For they represented no essential choice of our souls. On the contrary, they testified to an abandonment, almost to an absent-mindedness—an absence of mind—to an obedience on the lowest plane of automatism with the will inactive, to a consent which was not even that of instinct, but which did no more than register the presence of a current, a magnetism, whose existence one cannot even distinguish until after yielding, unconsciously, to its demands. That is why submission, in such a case, is never the result of choice; it is the ransom we pay for that invaluable sensitivity which informs the conscience and, precisely, enables the conscience to examine and to choose. We

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were precision instruments, destined possibly to be smashed in the very disaster whose approach disturbed and excited them—a disaster which they could not predict or describe had there been much in their structure which corresponded and was attuned to it.

That world in which we found so pleasant a room prepared for us already, now, is crumbling. In the world that is coming no room of our own is reserved, and, in that world, we will have neither the sufficient energy nor the needed weight to assure us that minimum of distance and solitude without which we cannot live. Will we have to carry the beggar's pack, wear the leper's bell? Certainly we will be the only poor in this new world intent on destroying poverty, the only real lepers in a society entirely devoted to hygiene. It will be our turn to be hungry and to inspire suspicion and disgust. One cannot suppress all proletarians at once; and it is only right and proper that those alone be suppressed who entrust to the spirit, and not to this world's goods, their honor and their joy.

We are, admirably, fitted for this fate. It was not without danger to our souls that so many worries were spared us at a time when we took such pleasure in utterances which, in a more real existence, would have brought down on us more serious consequences than mere worries. Yet such was the law of the life we led: in security, and in self-indulgence, we dreamed of risk and self-denial; we were free and privileged, and we preached coercion; we were great lovers of truth, and we lied; of stern intransigeance, and we were indulgent; of fervor, and we were sceptical; of doctrinal oppression, and our spirit of independence was the only one of our disciplines which nothing ever could break.

Cynics without reason for cynicism, we were paralyzed by those same scruples which we urged others to dismiss; we had no virtues but those imposed upon the weak by reason of their own frailness. The merits which people recognized in us were forced upon us; and in our own eyes they brought us more shame than glory.

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And now every source of light is spent; the pale brilliance through which daylight still lingered over that world in which we were nourished, already before the war, even then, it marked no shadows and, illuminating every side of every object, deprived all objects of color and relief. In that light everything became equal and monochrome—whether we looked at marble or at the lightest feather. A universe without contrast, without sharp edges—and our sloth settled comfortably in it, our carelessness rested comfortably in it. This world of our absent-mindedness, our habit and our comfort could not be that of our pride and our strictness. But to build a world for these, we were lacking in all grace. We did not know how to conceive the new world. True creatures of twilight, we lacked fervor and love. No contagion spread from us, no bright rays went forth from us; no savagery or impatience drove us forth to any invasion. In this world which was growing cold we were already frigid.

We will not come into the land of our desires. We are not so tolerant toward ourselves, we have not so great a vanity, as to believe that we are worthy of our dreams. We have more ambition for the dreams than for ourselves. And we would have no use for a world which would tolerate our weaknesses. At times, we were even sorry to see them so easily tolerated, and almost honored and too completely understood—since to understand is to excuse. The ear had become so sensitive, the language so refined, in those times when the taste for exactitude was muddied, when pride in remaining upright when others were equivocal and bent, was no longer felt.

We would like also to have the strength to continue desiring a world which will exclude us, and not suffer some instinct always, at the last moment, to make us cling to the world which is collapsing. But we are not sure of ourselves, and so we speak now, without waiting until this feeling of underground solidarity with all the delighful ease which is perishing makes the task more difficult for us. We should like also to work at defining the new barbarism which now is being organized and which will become a civilization; we would like to trace a style for this civilization, propose a content, not abandon it entirely to its own inertia, its sloth, its temptations. If no one stands guard, the probability is strong that it will carry along with it in its stream too much of the wreckage, too many evil fragments. The peril is so great that it will be built entirely upon the foundations that it must destroy. And so, at least, it is our minimum duty to watch carefully over this remodeling of the world, since we did not have the strength of a final selflessness which would perhaps have allowed us to direct the task. We failed because we were never brought to that extreme despair in which misery and death appear as liberation. We would, then, have had to consent not merely to those sacrifices which flattered our pride, but to those also which took us unawares, which annoyed our intelligence because it had not been able to foresee their advent. We would have had to withdraw at other times than before those insults and those failures we were willing to recognize as defeats. Indeed our hearts drew from these calculated defeats more somber happiness than from any bright—vulgar—success which we were allowed and almost forced to celebrate. For we cared as little to make public our joys as we did our sorrows. For then it seemed

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to us they became vile and indecent. Just as is usual in the case of the body, so our soul felt more embarrassed than happy in pleasures other people could see it enjoy.

A deliberate reticence seemed to us the principal element in this new honor which we sought so blindly to create. To be ever discreet, was the maxim which most generally governed our conduct. If to receive anything one had to ask for it, then we thought the cost too high. Virtue, according to us, was above all to renounce that to which one had a right, not to request anything one had the right to demand. We made it a rule to remain always beneath what it was our power to be, to promise always less than we could carry out—even less than we meant to carry out. All about us everyone did the opposite, encouraging every vain hope, and in the end despairing. Our restraint built up once more that elementary trust which men need to have in each other and which was being destroyed day after day by the boastfulness, the inconsequence, and all the lying pledges of the frauds and impostors.

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But, in varying degree installed in a society which granted us such pleasant hospitality, we were insufficiently determined to undermine and renew it. All round us, the most eminent men in science and thought—who for a long time already had become identified with the general run of comedians and were treated as such—either had lost all feeling for the duties their position created, or had usurped other duties entirely irrelevant to their functions. They had lost all taste for speaking when no one listened or when people listened only in order to use their pronouncements for dinner table conversation and without the slightest idea of seriously considering any salutary advice they might contain. And so they were silent, devoting themselves to the most difficult tasks they could find, and to those, especially, which were the most remote from the problems of our times. These were the serious scientists, the serious philosophers. Weaker characters accepted the rôle which society selected them to play, and rapidly acquired fame by means of brilliant discourses which contained no greater honesty nor depth than were in the chatter of the barkers at the fairs to whom they were assimilated, in public opinion, without great resistance on their part. Under the circumstances, their judgment was either not sought at all, or was deprived of all authority. The strong men were not listened to; the weak were debauched; what they were and what they said was without courage and consequently without foresight, for, in order to see clearly, it is necessary not to refuse to recognize that which, once recognized, inevitably requires courage.

Since we had nothing on which to base our efforts, we were never free of the temptation to be content with a fate entirely agreable to the majority and which we rejected—in that majority's opinion—only out of pride, or naïveté, or through some other defect natural in youth and which a longer experience would cure. Yet we never thought that the flood would come only after we were gone; we knew perfectly well that each time we refused responsibility, each time we were negligent, it was as if we were adding a drop to the mounting waters which threatened us. We thought only that the enormous volume of the flood could not be increased by these imponderable additions.

The flood was made up of nothing else. The fact that we were not guilty consoled us for the fact that we were weak—at a time when weakness was the greatest guilt. And that is why we built no Ark to save that which had to be saved. Nor did we train our hearts for combat, or our bodies. Since we were not anxious to rise to the heights of our ambitions, we were unable to make these ambitions clear and imperative in ourselves.

What we lacked was the knowledge of how to give ourselves; we lacked that generosity, that indifference to fate, which, in the absence of a great faith, comes only from familiarity with the most desperate failure. That familiarity will be given us now, in the world which is coming. But the merit is not the same, nor the consequences the same, for one who endures as for one who chooses the condition of poverty, the condition of misery. When we find ourselves reduced to misery, instead of drawing from that misery the strength we need, we may, perhaps, become only the more timorous, the more bitter, the more closed in upon ourselves, the more withdrawn into ourselves. For it is not at all certain or inevitable that from misfortune we shall acquire that virtue which consists in expecting our nourishment from the birds of the heavens. It would have been better for us had we trusted in misery before we were obliged to—having no other recourse. Then would we have laughed at fatigue and grief. Our bodies would have been of steel. Then would we have greeted with the same serenity all promises and all threats. Our souls would have been of bronze. Then would we have held mankind in our grasp. We would have taken the world by its shoulders—and now, instead of that, the world crushes us and eliminates us, totally.

Let others pronounce that *yes* of dedication which we never uttered; let their will, taut as some fearful bow, seek only to reach the goal that it has selected; let it grow strong with every obstacle it meets, strong with every failure it endures, strong with the victories it achieves. Then will these men, integrated and pure, nourished in defeat and triumph, be granted grace; then will they hold aloft the sword of the elect.

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We do not ask of them that they honor us, but before they condemn us, as condemn us they must for our failure to precede or follow them, may they count in our defense that we recognized them and dreamed that they would come, that we defined what virtues they would have—and that no one of us ever mistook himself for one of them.

The Stage & Screen

The Cherry Orchard

IT IS difficult to sort out the credits and commitments behind this Chekhov revival. Produced by Margaret Webster and Carly Wharton, starring Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut, and mounted by the Motley people—both Miss Le Gallienne and Miss Webster are again down as its directors and must, I suppose, be responsible for a physical production which does indeed fail the play and for several instances of misguided casting which serve only to scatter a possibly fine ensemble performance. The play itself, as is the case with all of Chekhov, is impossible to describe briefly. Set somewhere in Russia at the turn of the century; unplotted; peopled entirely by personalities whose every charm, whim and small singular history is part of the fabric of the whole; its curtain rises upon the incredible Cherry Orchard in bloom in the spring and falls upon the sounds of its destruction a season later. During this period, we have met and observed the owner of the property—a lady as lovely and as useless as the orchard itself—met and observed her family, her entourage, her neighbors, her friends; and watched her futile efforts, half-efforts, no-efforts-at-all to save her inheritance. A tragi-comedy, an affair depending upon no single theme, no overwhelming simple emotion—an affair as wayward as the days and the nations—I think it is safe to say that Chekhov has made both the hero and the villain of the piece what we can only call progress; and that he has made its victim what we can only call beauty. And possibly it is true that for the average American audience, this contravention may lack point and importance; that any opposition of personality to competence, of grace to efficiency can, to the average American mind, make neither sense nor music. I do not know. The Average American Anything is hearsay to me and I will not believe in hearsay. But it is obviously in support of some such contention as this that the directors published their determination to produce the piece purely for comedy; and here for every reason (of craft as well as of heart) I know they have been wrong. For to present Chekhov as an excuse for a number of out-loud laughs is to abuse him. Surely his technique (apprehended and abetted by the Moscow Art Company whose fourth-wall method has become theater history) is essentially to establish a rapport between the play and the audience rather than the actor and the audience—so that when his people laugh on the stage, we must; when they weep, that is our cue. Nothing else is demanded. It is true that the quality of pathos is the most perfectly difficult to achieve on the stage and its result can never be outright amusement at all, but rather a sort of catch-in-the-throat, a musing laughter, a smile. Certainly to laugh *at* this play rather than *with* its characters is to find these people merely queer, stupid, capricious; it is to leave the theater long before the end. And it does not seem possible that anyone could put on a play for such a purpose.

Needless to say, any stated theory having to do with the interpretation of a play as a whole must necessarily affect the performance and again I find it difficult to assort the players' contributions. In the case of Rex O'Malley for instance, in the part of Ephidov, I simple cannot understand what he is doing. An actor perfectly capable of humor and simplicity, he is here made up in a sort of comic-mask resembling Hitler and plays with a cockney accent—a process which unquestionably makes him the sore thumb of the evening although whether it is his fault or not, I cannot tell. As for Mr. Schildkraut, it is better to say at once that I am unable to be rational about his talents. I do not like him. His "here-I-am-you-lucky-people" attitude bores me, and as many times as I have seen him on the stage, I have never yet seen him inside a play. And he is certainly not inside this one. Miss Le Gallienne herself in the key rôle of Madame Ranevsky, the owner of the Cherry Orchard, is enchanting. Too young perhaps to look the part, she plays with wonderful physical grace; and her ability to wear a costume, her quality of foreignness, above all, her capacity to display a sort of prism of emotions are to the point. In addition to her performance, I thought Leona Roberts, Lois Hall, Carl Benton Reid and Eduard Franz were excellent and apposite; and in perhaps the most difficult job, Stefan Schnabel was loud.

For the second time this season, Miss Webster has been connected with a production whose physical structure actually hampers her actors. Here, what is even more important, I do not think the Motley settings in any way indicate the mood of the play. The enormous windows holding only a single cherry branch, the extraordinarily rich embellishments in what is supposed to be an impoverished estate, and particularly the singular river-scene arrangement seem to me distracting and to belong somewhere else. And the lighting is execrable, alternately blind and concealing the players. I wish in one of her interviews in the press, Miss Webster would define her meaning of direction. If her estimation of the craft has to do only with the reading of the lines, then one would feel free to take her designers entirely to task for the curious playing-areas and action patterns they have furnished her. (*At the National.*)

The Duke in Darkness

THE business of actors, directors, designers and funnymen writing Sunday statements to the papers before getting on with their job seems to me, in the end, to be damaging publicity. In a long interview concerning his stardom in last Sunday's *Tribune,* Philip Merivale bewailed the fact, and regretted that he could not "accept a rôle unless it's of star proportions." And on Monday night, he opened in a play whose only possible interest,

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either to the actors or the audience, was its long, long, over-and-over-again parts. It's all a little too pat. The story of a French nobleman imprisoned in a Chateau by a rival faction in sixteenth-century France, the Patrick Hamilton script, although short, elongates itself by repeating every line of dialogue three times, and depends for its effect upon a quality which I can only call buried suspense. In spite of an endless second-act harangue devoted to the virtues of "the people," I found it without significance or excitement. Mr. Merivale is a good actor. If he regrets being a star, I regret it too. (*At the Playhouse.*)

Wallflower

PRODUCED by Meyer Davis, written by Mary Orr and Reginald Denham, this is a bad dirty play. I do not think it is worth reviewing. I do not think the actors will want to be mentioned in connection with it. And most of all, I do not think you will want to see it. (*At the Cort.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

The Song

Just as its title implies, *"The Song of Bernadette"* is a hymn sung in praise of the girl who was chosen to be visited by Our Lady. It has the earthy and story-telling qualities of an old ballad; it has the soaring spirit of a lyrical poem; and it has the large panoramic scale of an epic. "The Song of Bernadette" is one of the most deeply emotional films I have ever seen—but it is still just a simple song.

The makers of the film must be credited with not going pretentiously Hollywood. Here was a story that could have been prettified, glamorized and made fantastic through an oversized, elaborate and too imaginative production. Instead, Producer William Perlberg has keyed everything down to a realistic scale. The village of Lourdes looks like a French village in the 1850's, and the houses look like real, lived-in houses. The Cachot, in which the impoverished Soubirous family live, has been given no quaint touches to soften the unpleasant surroundings to which Papa Soubirous has brought his wife and children. Even the costumes and make-up of the persons who enact this religious drama were kept as simple and realistic as possible. Henry King has directed his cast, many of whom use practically no make-up, exceedingly well; and he has insisted that they avoid histrionics.

The performances are superb; in fact the entire cast is so good that it is difficult to single out individual performances. Charles Bickford as Dean Peyramale, the priest who doubts and crossly scolds Bernadette at first but later becomes her foremost champion; Lee Cobb as the cautious and perplexed doctor, the man of science who insists that the cures are miraculous; Anne Revere and Roman Bohnen as Bernadette's parents who are awed by their daughter's behavior and are saddened by the abyss that grows between her and her family; Vincent Price as the imperial prosecutor, the unbeliever who scoffs and nags at the girl until he too falls to his knees at the grotto; all these and William Eythe, Charles Dingle, Edith

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Barrett, Blanche Yurka and many others give startling performances in acting out the events in an upheaval that stirred not only the local authorities but brought the high men of state, including the emperor himself, into action. Gladys Cooper too should be praised for her portrayal of the nun who resents the fact that a humble, frequently stupid miller's daughter should be honored by the visitations. Unfortunately the bitterness of this nun's persecution of Bernadette, in the convent scenes when she demands proof, is likely to be misunderstood—at least momentarily, until Sister Marie Thérèse sees the sign that sends her repenting to the chapel. Of Jennifer Jones it is difficult to decide whether she is a truly inspired actress or whether she is just a well-cast newcomer expertly guided by an intelligent director. As the ignorant child at the foot of the catechism class, as the entranced saint speaking to "The Lady," as the girl who is unaware of the turmoil and conflict she has started but who patiently answers one cross-examination after the other, as the nun in the convent suffering intense pain while she knows the miraculous cures are not for her, Jennifer Jones's Bernadette will be long remembered.

In giving credits for this fine film, the original work by Franz Werfel must receive its share of praise. His novel has been used to good advantage in the screenplay written by George Seaton. While there is some simplification of the story and the elimination of some characters, the film is faithful to Werfel's book in tracing the events from the first vision on February 11, 1858, until that day many years later when Bernadette's life on this earth ended. The film is greatly aided by its excellent photography, which, though carefully planned and lovely to see, is not arty, and by the musical score which is in keeping with the eloquence of the subject matter.

"The Song" has handled thoughtfully the Church's position throughout the entire matter of Bernadette's visitations. The extreme care used in the Church's investigations of Bernadette and the cures is portrayed with great understanding. The film has also handled well the explanations of the work of the Congregation of Rites and the clarification of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. While some audiences may object to the actual appearance of "The Lady" in the film, this visualization has been effected with good taste. Since Bernadette describes what she saw, we must be shown what she saw, and "The Lady" in the grotto appears as Bernadette saw her. Unfortunately when "The Lady" comes to Bernadette on her death bed, we see her a little too plainly. I should have preferred the vague visions of the grotto. I should also have preferred that the long procession of pilgrims, with lighted candles, coming to the shrine at Lourdes hadn't been quite so spectacular. No doubt the film's intentions here were good, but the effect is out of keeping with the character and sincerity of the theme.

But it is wrong to carp on such small details in a truly great film. If I were asked what about it impressed me most, I should find it difficult to select between its many moving scenes: Bernadette's obeying the command to wash in and drink of a spring, where there was no spring; Bernadette's farewell before leaving for the convent; Bernadette's reply to Dean Peyramale that she did not lie and that she does not want a corner to hide in. I think I should have to answer that what impressed me most about the film was its sincere whole. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Latin American Pattern

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

SAMUEL PUTNAM, who has spent a considerable part of his life translating classics—this is his twenty-fifth full-length book translation—has, with the help of the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs and the University of Chicago Press, made available to the English-speaking public the national classic of Brazil.* I do not know Portuguese, and hence am incapable of appraising the excellence of Mr. Putnam's work. But judging from what Spanish and Brazilian critics say about da Cunha's style, I suspect that Mr. Putnam has accomplished his Herculean task with as much skill as could be expected from anyone. "Os Sertões" (literally this means "the backlands") is a monstrous sort of book. As Mr. Putnam points out, it is akin to Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Strangely enough, it reminds me even more of another monstrous book, Doughty's "Arabia Deserta." Certainly all three offer tremendous obstacles to a reader; all three likewise offer great rewards.

You cannot read "Arabia Deserta" through to the bitter end without somehow feeling that you have actually lived in that God-forsaken country, that you have participated in Arab raids, that you have been looked upon with suspicion as an intruding "Nazrani." You could swear that you have made the harsh journey from Mecca to the Red Sea, and that you too found it an inexpressible comfort to enjoy the hospitality of a very humble British Consulate after suffering the vicissitudes of almost two years in the desert.

You cannot read "Rebellion in the Backlands" without feeling that you too have seen and lived in the lunar landscape of the interior portions of the State of Baia, that you have marvelled at its freak vegetation, that you have

*Rebellion in the Backlands. Euclides da Cunha. Chicago. $5.00.

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been parched in its searing droughts, that you have met its tough and fanatical inhabitants, that you helped to put down the Councillor's rebellion.

Da Cunha was born in a Brazil which was still governed by an emperor. When he reached the age of twenty-three Dom Pedro II was overthrown and the Republic was established (1889). He lived through the Fonseca and Peixoto dictatorships and the counter-revolutionary revolt which followed. His family were people of means. After preparing for a military career, he seems to have been struck by a sudden impulse and resigned from the army to become a journalist in São Paolo. Then, later, he was reinstated in the army, serving the government in the 1893 outbreaks. In 1896 he left the army again and took up civil engineering. But the outbreak of the rebellion which he describes in his master work (1897) uprooted him, and he decided to accompany one of the battalions sent to quell it. He went as a correspondent for a São Paulo newspaper. And on the basis of the materials he then collected, he wrote this book. It first appeared in December, 1902, and has since been constantly reprinted; it is today almost a national epic, the common heritage of all educated Brazilians.

Da Cunha approached his task of writing this monumental treatise in highly original fashion. He was thoroughly steeped in the positivist science of his day; he had read vast amounts of anthropology; he had studied geology and botany and geography. He therefore views his project as something far grander than a bit of military reporting of a rather inglorious series of expeditions on the part of fully equipped armies against almost primitive people. He looks upon the whole episode as having vast implications. He brings nature and man into this strange struggle, until it assumes a deep symbolic significance. For him the whole history of his country is illuminated by this episode. The preface to the present edition, by Afrânio Peixoto, well expresses the scale on which da Cunha worked. "It is a saga of the first flaming days of the earth and of man and of primal man's first direct contact with other men known as civilized, from other, supposedly cultured, lands that did not know how to bring civilization and, creating a slaughter-house of banditry, were able only to destroy."

Baia is one of the oldest settlements in Brazil. It is not very far south of the point at which the American land mass extends furthest east. North and south of it there extends a narrow coastal plain which is extremely fertile: it is still used for raising sugar cane. Only a short distance inland the nature of the country changes radically. You find yourself in the sertões. These might be described as tropical barrens, although they are far from being denuded of vegetation; but the vegetation has had to adapt itself to long periods without any rainfall whatever. When there is rain, these backlands are a good cattle country, and the scattered population which has drifted into them over the course of centuries lives by this means. But its life is more than precarious. A dry spell will gradually destroy the food for its herds; despite local vegetation which retains moisture for months on end, even man eventually has to retreat before nature and seek asylum where he can find water. But so great is the love of these people for their inhospitable environment that the minute they hear that the backlands are no longer dry, they flock back into them and start the cycle all over again. Obviously such an existence held no attractions for the more prosperous inhabitants of the coastal strip or of Brazil's fertile south. Hence the denizens of these sombre regions lived very largely cut off from contact with the outside world and developed an intense local feeling as well as highly characteristic folkways. They had no intellectual life, and like many primitive peoples were fanatically conservative. And it is a mistake to use the past tense, for conditions today are reported to be only superficially different from what they were at the end of the nineteenth century.

Racially these people are very mixed. They have Negro blood and Indian blood and white blood. They are strong and wiry and given to that peculiar mass fanaticism which seems to be so characteristic of all mixed populations in Latin America. Their mentality seems to be strikingly like that of the Mexican rural Indians—altogether foreign to our empiricism and regard for logic. They are easily but inexplicably aroused by appeals which we can only describe as mystical—a tendency which makes it easy for a certain type of politician or local leader to exploit them.

The rebellion described by da Cunha is a classical instance of this sort of mass psychology. In this case the leader seems to have been honest if somewhat demented. He came of a backlands family which had a certain amount of influence and position. Through a series of circumstances he turned into a religious fanatic reminding us strangely of the unordained holy men we find wandering through Russian history and culminating in the strange figure of Rasputin. He seems not to have had any knowledge of theology, but was obsessed with the necessity of practicing heroic self-denial. As he grew older, he was also obsessed with a desire to build or refurbish churches, and he became altogether apocalyptic in his view of the approaching end of the world. Needless to say, such notions did not endear him to what few clergymen strove to minister to the religious needs of these remote people. But at first they tried to overlook his aberrations because his sincerity was so obvious and because his doctrine seemed to inspire a genuine moral revival wherever he went. It was his practice to wander from settlement to settlement preaching austerities and penances. As he went round, he gathered to himself disciples, and because he gradually acquired the reputation of being a wonder-worker, he also acquired the singular name by which he was universally known—Antonio Conselheiro, Anthony the Councillor.

In time the Councillor's success in his religious leadership apparently led him to believe that he should be allowed to preach from the pulpit, precisely as though he were a member of the clergy, and to interfere in the administrative functions of the priests. Furthermore, he was rabidly opposed to the newly established Republic and strongly upheld the Empire. The Church in Brazil took a precisely opposite political position, especially after the ironing out of the difficulties which followed the fall of Dom Pedro. Hence the Councillor began to look upon the Church as an enemy. At the same time he urged

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his followers to perform overt acts against the Republic—tearing down what we would call official bulletin boards posted in the various small towns of the region. The authorities decided that action must be taken and made the mistake of supposing that a mere handful of troops would suffice to restore order. The Conselheiro saw what was in the offing. He had established a sort of rude Mecca at a tiny settlement known as Canudos. To this center came his followers from miles around, until somewhere near seven thousand of them were gathered. Needless to say, the first two expeditions against them were shamefully routed, for the authorities persisted in believing that here was a matter of no consequence. The third expedition—better equipped, under imposing leadership, and consisting of thirteen hundred men with 15,000,000 cartridges and 70 rounds of cannon shot—was also repulsed. Finally two columns, later reenforced, pushed their way to Canudos. They suffered heavy casualties, but finally after months of fighting, succeeded in their purpose. Altogether it had taken the military might of Brazil a full year to suppress the revolt of a few thousand backwoodsmen, many of them women and children. And in the end there was not a single able bodied man from among the Councillor's following left alive to surrender.

That is the substance out of which da Cunha created his epic. It does indeed have a significance deeper than the mere story of an extraordinary episode in Brazil's history. Profoundly understood, it comes close to being the universal Latin American classic.

Editors' Choice

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RUSSIAN CAVALCADE. *Albert Parry. Ives Washburn.* $3.50.

Master and Servant

AN OLD SERVANT returns to a French country house in which he had spent a lifetime working and from which he had retired to pass his last years in a house of his own, with a field and a garden of his own in his native village. He returns to the estate and to the masters of the estate, to his kitchen in the cellar of the old house, to the trees in the park surrounding the house, to the lake in the grounds, to the farms which form part of the estate. In retiring from "service" he had found only separation from all that made life worth whole, comprehensible and beautiful. He had been most unhappy in retirement. And when he resumes the state of a servant in the old house, for a few days, to "fill in," he finds he is returning to all that gave him strength. The book is the account of what passes through his mind during those few days. The masters of the house live again in his mind, the rooms of the house are peopled again with the dead; and at the same time there are all the changes that have taken place under the new masters; the old servant lives in the past and he returns to find—it breaks his heart—that the present which should have continued the past has denied the past. In the past the old man was a servant serving the masters of the house, but serving the house more than the masters, serving the estate, the woods, the wild animals, the seasons, serving the continuity of this social unit of which he felt a part—with immense love and pride. And the masters served the house and not themselves, worked hard—as hard as any servant—to serve the house and the estate, the farmers, the fields, the woods. They served and preserved. The servants and the masters were united in a common devotion.

This central theme has been found highly objectionable by certain books reviewers, one of whom wrote somewhat as follows: "No American can have any sympathy for the central character in 'Home Is the Hunter' because the old servant's devotion to duty will strike an American as no higher than a dog's. A dog's devotion pleases his master and no doubt pleases the dog. But a free man, a free American, cannot be expected to have sympathy for a man, a feudal serf, whose devotion resembles that of a dumb animal." Well, the new servants that the old man finds in the house when he returns have exactly this point of view. And the new master has it too. The system is breaking down. Of course. We all knew that. But whether this is something to crow about is debatable.

This is not the place to argue the merits of a communal system based on attachment to the land and including a hierarchy of duties. Gontran de Poncins's book is not a sociological thesis. All that needs be said is that the same objections which have been made to the poetical acceptability of Poncins's central character could have been made—and were made—when one of the most beautiful characters in modern literature entered our consciousness to remain in it as long as we live. We are thinking of Franquise who alone could survive, uncomplicated, unchanging, respected, in Proust's troubled world.

It is not easy to know exactly what it is which keeps this book from being completely satisfactory, uninterruptedly beautiful. The description of the people, the house, and the lands is accomplished by means of careful, admirably chosen detail. It is a lovely and moving picture of life. We have said, already, that the ideology of the book does not disturb us. Perhaps this old man looking at all that is lost for him is looking at things which have been lost to us and to our fathers for so long a time that his sorrow may be remote and may not touch us. So remote that it becomes difficult for us to understand. Yet this difficulty is not what disturbs us. It is rather that there is from time to time a break in tone, something that interrupts the contemplative mood of the book, the poetry of these scenes remembered from the past. When this occurs almost always it is in the conversations. The French text being unavailable as yet, we have not been able to refer to it and it may seem unkind therefore to blame the translator. Yet one is obliged to suspect that while the vulgar and trivial expression used for instance on page 102 may be as vulgar and trivial in the French it will not however have in French the "declassed" resonance it has in English. Perhaps it is the author who is less happy in his dialogue than in his narration. We cannot tell. But it is the characters speaking who at times hinder our belief in their persons. Hinder, but do not destroy.

Russians as Soldiers

IN THE course of his desperate retreat from Moscow Napoleon remarked to General de Caulaincourt, according to the latter's memoirs, "One must do justice to the Cossacks. It is they who have achieved all the Russian successes in the campaign. They are certainly the best light troops in existence. That army might go a long way if the Russian soldiers had someone else to lead them."

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Albert Parry parallels this opinion in his "Russian Cavalcade," which apparently is written to demonstrate that the Russian makes a superb soldier when he is ably led.

From the time the Russians clumsily occupied Berlin in 1760, and unnecessarily withdrew after a few days, down to the turn of the tide in the present war, Russian troops, with a few brilliant and erratic exceptions [Suvurov (1799), Brusilov (1916)] have been poorly commanded. Mr. Parry's earlier historical incursions have moments of real charm. He seems to underestimate the competence of General Kutuzov, whose deliberate withdrawal tactics spelled finis for Napoleon. Only under pressure did he expend his men unnecessarily.

For the most part, the author believes Soviet troops in the present war have been ably led, hence the inevitably victorious Red Army. Part Two of "Russian Cavalcade" is, therefore, the demonstration of Mr. Parry's thesis. It adduces bits of personal information about most of the Soviet commanders whose gains at Leningrad, Nevel, the Dnieper Bend and other sectors of the vast eastern front now provide such encouraging news dispatches day after day. It also presents considerable information as to the way the Soviet leaders managed to build up the only military force able at last to stop the Hitler Wehrmacht. Naturally, for all its informativeness, this book with a thesis does not provide a complete explanation of Russia's military success. But in recounting such factors as the colorful and apparently genuine comradeship of Stalin and Voroshilov it throws much light on Soviet ways.

The book's final section explains in greater detail why certain major components of the Russian war machine are so good—the air force, tank corps, Cossacks and, especially, the artillery. It closes with the dramatic and bloody story of Stalingrad, saved and won through sheer will to resist. It is difficult to close this volume without agreeing that the Russian is indeed an indomitable soldier. When he has fought badly in past wars it was not only because of inferior leadership; stolid and not naturally aggressive, he has had little heart for campaigns on foreign soil. He defends the soil he loves with an almost mystical passion.

Does the fact that the Russians are aroused augur well or ill for the postwar world? Mr. Parry really does not go beyond arguing that we could not be more fortunate in having such fighters for allies on the field of battle. That is undeniable. The Russian has a proverbial diffidence toward what is clearly recognized as foreign conquest. [Note that Stalin always has a native puppet government ready which in the name of a country overrun by his armies requests inclusion in the Soviet Union.] The Russian's placid temperament and love of home, the possibility of a certain religious revival in the Soviet Union and the nationwide desire to rebuild the native land are characteristics of our new partner which should give us some encouragement. In any case the United States and the Soviet Union are now committed to work together.

More Books of the Week

Lessons of My Life. Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart. Knopf. $3.00.

THE WORD "Vansittartism" must have been coined to designate the style of Lord Vansittart's writings about the German peril, and maybe his consistency in collecting and presenting material, most of which has been set forth also by other authors. For instance, in "Germany and the Strategy of World Conquest," written in collaboration with members of the American National Planning Association, Derwent Whittlesey has recorded the growth throughout the ages of the Germans' determination to rob their neighbors of lands and the fruit of their labors, subjugating the people because they are called "inferior" by the Germans. He lists a number of the hundreds of German thinkers, poets, scientists and scholars who did the indoctrination of their nation with bloodlust, rapacity and sadism—the Army meanwhile kept silent for the most part and prepared the wars of aggression, while geopoliticians made their maps of a re-divided world, where all desirable slices of the earth were in German hands. How dire is the misunderstanding, that one must discriminate between the "good" German people and the nazis has been pointed out among others by Wallace R. Deuel in his "People Under Hitler." Aliens from almost all other nations visiting Germany have been shocked by the incapability of Germans to feel any other kind of pity than national self-pity. That all German political parties, left, right and center, during the first World War were equally annexation-minded, as long as the war went well for Germany, is a commonplace. That the generation who had experienced the defeat of 1918 was very depressed at the outbreak of this war, but took heart wonderfully when the loot from the overrun countries starred pouring into Germany, has also been told by any number of correspondents who stayed in Germany before America entered the war.

Besides his personal experience, and his acquaintance with several of the actors in this last tragedy—among others Laval and Mussolini, of whom he gives some viciously picturesque thumbnail sketches—Lord Vansittart's unique gift of forging sentences like barbed arrows is the specific quality of his book. He aims his arrows no less at the democracies, whose wishful thinking and distaste for facing facts helped Germany to get at her victims and bring untold sufferings on millions of people, whom they have left "only their eyes to weep with, and to many not even that." Feeling vaguely guilty toward Germany on account of the Versailles treaty, they prepared the martyrdom of all countries great and small, where people today are being looted, enslaved and murdered under circumstances of unbelievable sadism. If Lord Vansittart is violently afraid that when this war is won the German atrocities committed during the war will be hushed up and the perpetrators given a fresh chance to commit them again in a not too distant future—so are we of the victim nations. We remember how the Germans succeeded last time in preventing investigations of the atrocities they had committed—which everybody in Europe knew about. Very soon the fact that some of the stories were untrue, or true stories told from several places or exaggerated, gave the people of Great Britain and America the impression that the accusations against the Germans were disproved, because they had not been proved.

While the reparations, which could never have been paid in full, and of which the Germans never paid more than a fraction, too often have been regarded as the decisive factor that threw the majority of the Germans into the arms of Hitler, Goering and Himmler, I think the fact that made them most furious about the Versailles treaty was the liberation of some thirty million people of nations who had been subjugated under the Germans. That these people, like the Czechs or the Poles, were "inferiors," was part of the most sacred convictions of all Germans, and the fact that they did not at all prove

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"inferior" when they had been given the chance to manage their own affairs was violently resented. This in many cases even by refugees from nazidom, who had found asylum in Prague before they had to flee to Norway. In the years between the two world wars we Scandinavians were of course exposed to an intense German propaganda, to join their "Nordic" superman stunt. Our sympathy for the nations liberated by the Versailles treaty and our admiration of the Czechoslovakian republic always made the Germans absolutely furious—whatever their political or religious affiliations might be.

The chapter on "The Greatest Swindle in the World" deserves thorough-going study by a nation like the United States, which will have to take a leading part in the settlement of world affairs when this war is won. Lord Vansittart is absolutely right when he says: "Non-nazis are of course not the same as anti-nazis, and the former include millions of war-mongers in different guises." Far too many Germans of my acquaintance were violently resentful of Prussianism and the Junkers, but mostly because they barred Germans of the middle classes from the leading positions in the army and would not admit officers of humble birth to the Herrenklubs and crack regiments. Indeed, one of the main reasons why these "anti-Prussians" praised Hitler was because he had promised promotion in the army would be open for all soldiers without regard to the status of their parents. They dreamed of a time when they themselves would be the leading men of a "people's army," and they were convinced that Germany was destined, by whatever powers rule the universe, to rule the world—by leadership won by cunning, or, if the world should perversely resist their claim to be the superior race, by conquest. However, when Lord Vansittart quotes a judgment on the German Christians as *"pretending* that everything which was for the good of Germany was also good for Christianity," he is wrong. They did not pretend—they did *believe* it, sincerely and piously, Protestants and Catholics alike. So did the German Communists who were refugees in Norway, so did the Social Democrats—they all believed that whatever served German interests would also serve their peculiar creeds and aims.

As Lord Vansittart puts it: "No bag could hold the German cat, and it always jumped the same way—spitting." He comments scathingly on the play "Watch on the Rhine," which has also been produced in England—the German fighter for liberty who rushes back to fight in the German underground movement at the peril of his life is not a common type, to say the least. I would like to call the attention of Americans to another play about Germany, "Tomorrow the World." Scandinavians—and Dutchmen—without experience of the return of the children of Germany, whom we fed and cared for and loved the way sane people love whatever thrives under their care, be it rickety children or puppies or victory gardens, have seen this performance with misgivings. Everybody agrees that Germany must be helped to recuperate materially after this war—Lord Vansittart agrees perfectly in this. It is evident that America will have to do her share in this work of reconstruction. We from Europe who have enjoyed the hospitality of America and wish this great country all the best in the world must also wish that America will develop enough Vansittartism to be prepared when an oncoming generation of Germans, saved by American generosity, will be grown up sufficiently to say: "Thank you, America," in German. SIGRID UNDSET.

What to Do with Germany. Louis Nizer. Ziff-Davis. $2.50.

Germany after Hitler. Paul Hagen. Farrar. $2.00.
Germany Will Try It Again. Sigrid Schultz. Reynal. $2.50.

ONE does not have to agree fully with Lord Vansittart or Mme. Undset that the Germans who run things in the Reich must inevitably be nefarious to recognize that Germany constitutes a key problem for post-war Europe and the world. It is possible to have more faith than they do in the thousands of Germans who have endured the terror of concentration camps for their beliefs and still agree that there can be little hope of lasting peace in the world so long as certain Germans have a free hand. In fact, this aspect of the more general question of establishing a just and lasting peace is so important that the amount of idle talk about it in this country is highly disturbing. At a time when so many Americans and others have given and are giving everything for the cause of enduring peace, so vital a question as the German question should only be treated seriously and by people equal to the task.

Such is not the case, I fear, with most of our current volumes on the subject, if the three volumes under review are any index. Louis Nizer's energetically promoted and heavily blurbed "What to Do with Germany" is of the "tough peace" school. It does not give the most extreme version of this view. But here are a few of the remedies suggested by this able attorney, who is also known for a previous volume on the art of introducing after-dinner speakers: an occupation of Germany so effective that for a considerable time national sovereignty would be destroyed; trial and the death penalty for 150,000 officers and Nazi leaders, with hundreds of thousands more sentenced to prison; "complete industrial disarmament" including surplus stocks of strategic materials, power houses and machine tool plants, and with an international body controlling policy of manufacturers on all important matters; scrapping of the entire German educational system and the setting up of an International University which will draw up the courses, textbooks, subject matter and teaching methods for the new Germans schools, at which attendance will be compulsory. Accompanying this program, restitution of the billions in all sorts of goods and productive facilities stolen by the Nazis from other countries, and other punitive measures, Mr. Nizer recommends immediate feeding and medical aid for the Germans and, later, access to the world's raw materials and markets.

On such subjects as the purpose of the Nazi anti-Semitism campaign, the means whereby the German criminals avoided punishment after the last war, the rôle which education played in Hitler's program, the systematic way in which the other countries were despoiled and other matters involving observation and good sources of factual information, Mr. Nizer has done well. His prescriptions raise the doubts. They seem to be more concerned with punishment than with reconstruction. Or at least what is hardest to believe from his cleverly written book is that so complete a subjugation of a people has ever in history or could ever result in the future in winning a defeated people to normal life within the family of the nations. Mr. Nizer also focuses his sights so intently on the Reich that he fails to approach the question from the broader European framework. Russia's rôle in Germany's regeneration never apparently even occurs to him, and surely no one can make up his mind about what

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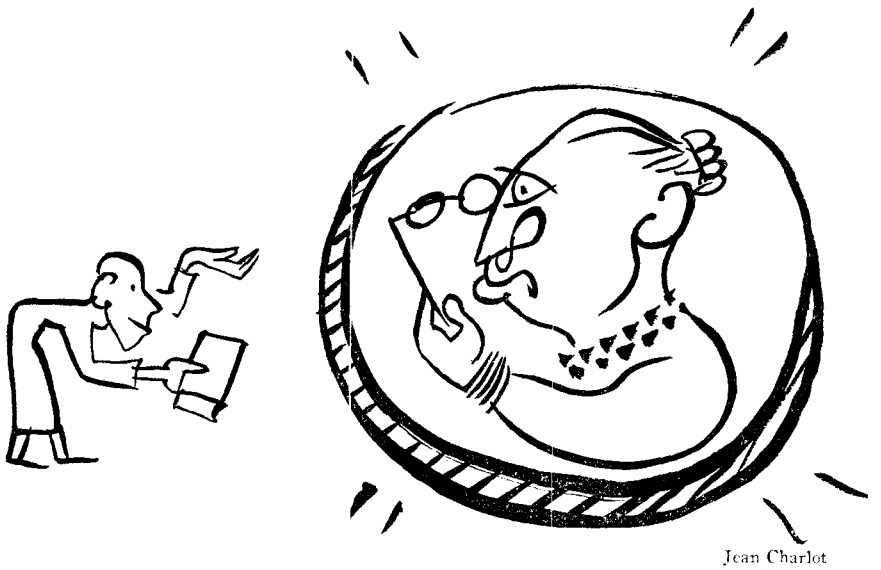
to do with Germany until he has thoughtfully considered whether Russia's emergence as a great power cannot take some of the burden of restraining Germany away from those who would directly shackle Germany hand and foot. Mr. Nizer, in short, provides the type of book which sounds convincing as you read it but seems increasingly off the beam the more you think about it afterward.

Diametrically opposite is Paul Hagen's "Germany After Hitler" and likewise in effect sadly irresponsible. Mr. Hagen knows much more about the subject first-hand; he has been an organizer and newspaper editor in the German labor movement right up to Hitler's day; he has been a leader of the German underground and secretly visited his country. Mr. Hagen's thesis is that Hitler got there before the German democratic movement had arrived at its inevitable maturity. His prescription is a German social revolution, which could be given a Communist interpretation, with America and Britain agreeing with Soviet Russia "on non-occupation of Germany." In the light of present American testimony and feeling Mr. Hagen has by far the hardest case to prove and he does not even come close to doing so. Whatever value lies in his book is his reminder that the German labor leaders and others who have suffered so for their convictions must indeed have some part in the new Germany if that land is to play a constructive role in the European commonwealth. "Germany After Hitler" also performs a useful service by predicting, if exaggerating, the exhausted state of German industry at the close of this all-out war. But the most that can be said for the book is that it voices certain hopes without adequately establishing their validity. And Mr. Hagen too easily assumes a European federation and world government.

Sigrid Schultz also knows a great deal about the German leaders and the German people at firsthand. Her work as correspondent in Berlin for more than a quarter of a century and right down to the other day enables her to assemble a damning series of indictments going back to World War I. Such knowledge is worth having and perhaps Miss Schultz had no further intention than to warn the American people that "Germany Will Try Again." She succeeds in convincing any honest reader that certain Germans will indeed try it again if they are not already laying the foundation. But she does not come up with a viable answer to that problem. Her list of iniquities is so long that she handles her solution in about a dozen pages. With an iron ring clamped around Germany proper, she would apparently let the Germans kill each other off. Then the Allied nations would come to terms with the Army and the underground, who have presumably liquidated the SS and other Nazis. In this way, in her opinion, the "nice Germans" would cease "doing what the wicked Germans want them to." Hardly a serious solution. There is great need in America today of a book which will really enlighten the public as to the German aspect of the problem of establishing a just and lasting peace. The author (or authors) must not only be familiar with present-day Germany, but would have to know his history, psychology, economics and philosophy. And it is high time he came forward. We continue to hurl fire and destruction from the skies without giving the German people any alternative to struggling on hopelessly to the end. Despite the cost in American lives we continue to rely solely on our powers of destruction, when the outlining of peace terms would speed a German collapse.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

If you must be different



Jean Charlot

and give a book for a Valentine, here is one she will read—even if she has a book already. It is frank about sex, it is honest about eternal values and it is sincere about the problems involved in harmonizing one with the other. Father Gannon of Fordham wrote the preface to "This lovely book" whose author speaks from experience to fellow members of the laity.

LIFE TOGETHER by Wingfield Hope $2.50

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Der Fuehrer. Hitler's Rise to Power. Konrad Heiden. Houghton. $3.00.

IN VIEW of the fact that we are still too close to the man and there is no way of getting hold of all the source material on Hitler, Konrad Heiden has done a very fair job. He gives us as much matter about the man as any contemporary can possibly give. Compared with his former biographies, we notice that quite a number of thrilling and sensational episodes have been thrown out, because the author did not find enough evidence for them. As a historian he is to be commended for doing this, even if a great deal of the dramatic appeal of his former versions has gone out of this latest book. While his sources on Hitler and his party are naturally limited, as the archives are not available, and we must acknowledge that he has done more than anybody else to clear the underbrush of myth, gossip and slander away, he could have obtained better information from men outside Germany, like Bruening and other figures of the decisive years of Hitler's rise. I say this with special emphasis, because it has become the scandalous fashion of every incompetent refugee politician to slander Bruening, a noble and great man whose fault is that he is too proud and sensitive to defend himself. Heiden tries hard to be just to the Catholic parties and statesmen of the period, but cannot help saying rather asinine things. How a man who does his utmost to destroy Hitler myths and shows us an impassioned portrait of our contemporary Genghis Khan can at the same time say that Bavaria was controlled by priests, that a priest led the white terrorist movement to murder innocent workers and similar biased nonsense about Catholic men who fought Hitler with courage and endurance, I cannot understand. At least one would expect evidence for such deplorable allegations. You will look in vain for it, as for many other evidences for Heiden's conclusions. On quite a number of occasions I noticed also a tendency to play up to certain political prejudices concerning England, the Vatican, etc.

In all its completeness this book is yet far from being "the" book on the Fuehrer. It is in great parts interesting for anybody who wants to re-live these times and find either confirmation or correction for his memory or interpretation of facts. It would be far more readable for the American reader if it were less encumbered by reflections and amateurish excursions into the field of philosophy. One also wonders how some of Mr. Heiden's theses will stand up when compared with a greater amount of facts than he brings in. If the author had the courage to use blue pencil and scissors he might prune this rather wild growth down to a vivid, accurate and concise biography for the American public. There seems to be nobody as well fitted for the job. To plod through almost 800 pages of partly monotonous and dull historic interpretation of a questionable kind is an imposition on the great public, while the historian who might do the work willingly will be disappointed to see that there is too much of Mr. Heiden and too little of history there. Of the numerous minor inaccuracies I want to mention that Mathias Groeber and Archbishop Conrad Groeber are two different persons and that the latter's career and personality have been misrepresented. As a leitmotiv Heiden brings in the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion. It will be difficult to see in this trick more than a brilliant device to give this massive book a sensational touch, although one cannot deny that it gives an interesting side-light. The greatest asset of this book seems to be its pioneering work for future historians who will have to verify its controversial details, and who will discover a great many signposts to follow for deeper exploration. If you have time to spare, read it, it will stimulate thought and correct the clichés of our press, radio and movies. But as I have said: let Mr. Heiden buy himself a pair of scissors. And please, no playing to the galleries! H. A. REINHOLD.

China Handbook (1937-1943). *Chinese Ministry of Information. Macmillan.* $5.00.

THIS invaluable 900-page compendium of factual information should find a place in many libraries. It was first printed in India last July and the first copies reached Chungking for the observance of the sixth anniversary of China's stubborn war against the Japanese aggression. Under "General Information" are such factors as topography, climate, the dates of the Chinese dynasties, the principal religions, language and the Chinese people overseas. Important chapters deal with the Kuomintang or regeneration of China movement, which was founded by Sun Yat-sen; the structure of the Chinese government; resources, means of communication, courts and prisons, education and research, industry and labor, agriculture, and money and finance; foreign trade, military affairs and foreign relations; foreign missions; the war with Japan and relief activities. There are directories of Chinese associations and societies and of the Chinese national and provincial governments. Finally, a Chinese Who's Who.

Our Jewish Farmers. Gabriel Davidson. Fischer. $2.50.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of the forty years of the successes and failures of the Jewish Agricultural Society and the thousands of Jewish farmers it has helped in this country.

The Popes' New Order. Philip Hughes. Macmillan. $2.50. *Pius XII on World Problems. James W. Naughton, S.J. America Press.* $2.00.

THE FIRST of these volumes, compiled by a well known Church historian, summarizes the social encyclicals and addresses of recent Popes from Leo XIII to Pius XII. It does this in the space of 300 pages. The second sets forth the views of the present Pontiff on the war, the requisites of peace and a number of other questions by quoting from his various encyclicals and addresses. Both volumes are arranged topically for ready reference.

Belgium in Bondage. Jan-Albert Goris. Fischer. $2.75.

THE RESISTANCE of a brave people numbering eight millions has set almost at naught various German tricks to divide and absorb them. This volume in the course of its harrowing story imparts a wealth of information about the country of Belgium, the spirit of its people and its principal ways of life.

The Captain Wears a Cross. Capt. William A. Maguire (Ch.C.). Macmillan. $2.00.

THE EXPERIENCES of an American chaplain at Pearl Harbor on the fatal day, which introduce this sequel to "Rig for Church," are followed by a wealth of less harrowing detail. As chief chaplain of the Pacific Fleet Father Maguire has been stationed at Honolulu and had contact with all sorts of Navy personnel. His book is contemporary but it manifests the same warm geniality as the quarter century reminiscences in "Rig for Church." It manifests the same enthusiasm for the Navy and its men.

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The Inner Forum

Man and Democracy

IF THE IDEAL of democracy is pursued back to its ultimate foundation, will not its origin be found in the Christian doctrine of the dignity of man, the inviolable sacredness of the human personality? Democracy has as its aim the protection from every quarter of the individual person and family; it often takes a form in which individual citizens assume considerable responsibility for the well-being of the community of which they comprise a part. There is a striking parallel between the ideas of the founders of our American Democracy and traditional Christian social teaching. This is the burden of "Democracy: Should It Survive?" issued by the William J. Kerby Foundation and published by the Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee.

The first chapter, for instance, "The Dignity of Personality," by Monsignor John A. Ryan, gives the Catholic teaching on the natural rights of man—rights to life and livelihood, to education and the expression of opinion, to worship according to one's conscience and to join with one's fellow men in order to attain certain individual and social objectives. These individual rights and the political right to determine the form and character of the government are, with the exception of the basic right to life, means to the safeguarding and development of personality. "In the supernatural order the dignity of personality reaches an immeasurably higher level. On that level, the human person is a partaker of the divine nature, a friend of God, a member of God's household, an adopted child of God, an heir of God, a co-heir with Christ, and destined for the Beatific Vision, that is to 'see God face to face.'"

Modern industry brings with it a whole range of new human problems. As Professor David A. McCabe of Princeton puts it in his chapter in this volume, "We cannot claim to have attained real democracy unless and until the primacy of fundamental human rights is recognized in all the important spheres of social activity." Hence the importance of being able to make a decent living for self and family, and the right of the worker to a living wage for himself and his family. "The family living wage, reasonable working conditions and working hours, the elimination of monotonous repetitive processes not absolutely unavoidable, the right to continued tenure of the job—all these should be procurable by the worker through his own efforts, if the full measure of dignity is to be derived from the possession of them . . . [But] it is the duty of the State to see that industry does not deny the worker his fundamental rights. . . . What the worker cannot do alone he may be able to do in association with his fellows. . . . Finally, the ideal of industry will not be fully attained until the worker's position in industry takes on more of the nature of partnership."

Another chapter, "Farming and the Dignity of Man," is the work of Lois Curry, Union County Fieldwoman, AAA, of Elk Point, South Dakota. It is the family-type farm, of course, virtually self-sufficient in food and feed, and with certain marketable crops to bring in the necessary cash, which enables the individual to manifest his full

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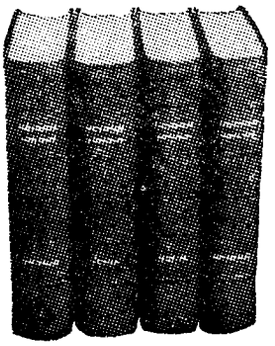

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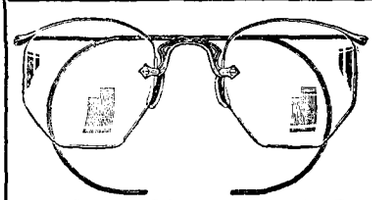

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Louis T. Achille of Howard University contributes a study, "What Color, Man?" After giving the obvious answer to this rhetorical question, he cites the American Declaration of Independence and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen as to the fundamental equality of all men, and their basic human rights. "There is no exaggeration in saying that racial pride and prejudice, discrimination and persecution are the greatest offenses that can be committed against the dignity of the human personality . . . [this offense not only] serves as a pretext to rob a man of material justice, [but] he is deprived of the spiritual climate of human acceptability, recognition and sympathy, without which a normal life, spiritually and materially, is practically impossible."

Then there is Jacques Maritain's "Humanism and the Dignity of Man." Here is a brief excerpt: "The democratic philosophy of man and society has faith in the resources and vocation of human nature. In the great adventure of our life and our history it places its stakes on justice and generosity. It therefore places its stakes on heroism and spiritual force. . . . It knows that the pursuit of happiness is mysteriously linked to self-sacrifice because it is above all the pursuit of the human being's fulfillment in love. . . ." Father William H. Russell contributes a final word on "Christ and Human Dignity." Here is one of Father Russell's conclusions: To regard democracy solely as a political question is to fail to see the application of the gospel to the hope enshrined in the Declaration of Independence. Only advanced thinking can realize that 'democracy is primarily social, moral and spiritual, and secondarily political'."

For the specific connection between the original American ideals and Christian teachings, Professor Richard J. Purcell of the Catholic University has contributed an informative historical study on the Declaration of Independence. Don Luigi Sturzo discusses "Totalitarianism and the Dignity of Man," while Walter Lippmann takes up "Man in American Education." Further chapters discuss other aspects of democracy and the Chatholic doctrine of the dignity of personality.

CONTRIBUTORS

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